

PICTURES OF HAWAII.

The Devastation Wrought by Captain Cook and His Men.

THE JOVIAL PRINCE LUNALILO.

His Imitation of the Simplicity of Democratic Institutions—Kamehameha the Conqueror United the Sandwich Group Under One Sway. The Pleasant Native Word of Greeting and the Significance of its Universal Use—Their Love of Flowers.

David Graham Ader in Washington Post.

When Capt. Cook accidentally ran across the isolated groups of Pacific, known as the Sandwich islands, a little more than a hundred years ago, he found them, he states, peopled with some 400,000 souls; a gentle, tender, dark-eyed, brown, and shapely race, tall and handsome, in appearance not unlike Andalusians or amicable Indians, although of the Malay family. These ancient children of the sea and the sun received the crafty captain with the willing bestowal of all the hospitality they had to offer, and were even anxious to show this strange sea-monster all the respect and honor due a deity, so that he complacently assures us that they mistook him for a god, until he undeceived them by the commission of the very mortal crimes of extortion, murder, and worse.

Then they at once recognized in this brutal Yorkshire mariner a man and a rascal. Fortunately, Cook was killed while ruthlessly raiding and looting these primitive, unsuspecting people, and his ships and fellow-pirates were driven off, leaving, however, the seeds of disease and death behind them, as a blessed reminder of the English sailors' visit to their hitherto happy and wholesome shores.

To be sure, they worshipped idols, but thereafter their blind idolatry of the white man and his interesting ways of thought and life were gone forever. Poor, harmless, innocent islanders. They had asked for enlightenment and they had received destruction. To them the mythic apple of Eve had turned to dead sea fruit. Then they were left severely alone to think over the benefactions of British civilization until about the year 1820, when America suddenly took them in tow and converted them to Christianity.

I thoroughly honor the devoted, honest hearted, whole soul missionaries who gave their lives, their efforts, their earthly ties and affections, their comforts, and themselves to point the warning hand to what they believed in that age of stern, unyielding Puritanism, to be the only road to happiness and Heaven, that by the ascetic mental scourge, the hermit life in crowded places, the suffering and self-abasement of the sinner unto salvation, the wearing of the crown of blood-stained thorns once worn by Christ himself. Nor would I for the world belittle these good, nay, holy men, although the same Creator made the fruits and flowers, as well as the barren lava-beds of the volcano.

REJECTED IDOLATRY.

The heart craves love and joy, and hope and beauty, and happy dreams and bright scenes, as much as the head does success, distinction, riches, power, greatness and glory. What other influences had their will upon the gay and thoughtless natures of these happy islanders, I cannot vouch to say; I only know they voluntarily burned or broke to pieces their various idols of wood and stone, and accepted New England theology all at once.

The beautiful Nuuanu Valley slopes up in a gradual, graceful ascent, and abruptly terminates in the rugged highlands and hilltops of the famous Pali, or palisades of the Island of Oahu once, the stage of a local historic tragedy. In early times each of the islands of the Sandwich group had its own separate king or chief. But at the latter part of the last century Kamehameha, the first lord of the united islands, a shrewd, brave, ambitious military chieftain, and King of Hawaii, made a naval descent upon and completely subdued all the other islands, reducing the inhabitants to subjection under his executive, but by no means cruel, sovereignty. The hero arrived at Oahu with his fleet and army, debarking his forces at Waikiki, now the stylish seaside resort of Honolulu.

He had with him many hundred canoes, some lashed side by side, between fifteen and sixteen thousand men, all for aggressive purposes. The aborigines of the island, under the command of the brave chief, Kalanikupule, met him and his valiant horde upon the shore, when a fierce battle ensued along the Nuuanu Valley, over hovering meadows and stony acclivities, back as far as the precipitous Pali, a thousand feet above the sea; at which point the natives here making a determined stand for their altars and their fires, he routed them in triumph, driving them by hundreds over the palisades to death on the rocks below, upon the further side, where their bleached and broken bones lie whitening upon the earth unburied to this hour.

THE NAPOLEON OF THE PACIFIC.

Kamehameha the Conqueror has been aptly named the Napoleon of the Pacific, but as far as any competition goes in that quarter of the globe he might just as well be called the Caesar, Hannibal and Alexander, too. He seems to have been a strong, superior character, a man of keen perceptions, excellent warlike ability (the quality of military sagacity and the power of prospecting, organizing and executing effectively), and sound sense, and judgment and pluck; and deservedly won for himself the regard of his warriors and the immediate respect of the vanquished islanders, by the consistent exercise of courage, wisdom, moderation and magnanimity.

And the pleasant, cordial, universal native word of greeting, "Aloha," You hear it uttered in park, parlor, piazza, promenade alike. Like the Latin "Salve," which possesses something of the same salutatory meaning, it is of general use in the mouth of peasant and prince. It is a hearty exclamation, sounding the note of welcome and good cheer; and as Charles Dickens might well have said of it if he had ever heard it spoken as but a genuine, whole-born, and whole-bred Sandwich Islander can utter it, a house-warming, heart-warming, soul-warming word, and good to hear from others and to say yourself. "Aloha," then, might have been the very word that Tiny Tim would have chosen, if he had only been born a Hawaiian, when, at the close of poor Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner, he thankfully exclaimed, "God bless us, every one."

A novel and beautiful custom of the islanders is the one of wearing garlands and wreaths of gay, bright flowers with which to decorate their brows and necks. These are called lei and are

said to indicate different meanings (whether of invitation, acceptance, rejection, or what not), according to their color or the position of the buds and blossoms upon the dark green background of leaves. The lei is becoming and characteristic adornment, richly setting off, when white, yellow or crimson flowers predominate, the fine light brown complexion of the wearers. There is a pastoral quality among the natives of which this is the best exponent and expression, for what is more appropriate whereby to indicate the softer sentiments and tender attributes than the bright bouquet plucked fresh from the fields and scented with the fragrant aroma of the dew?

JOVIAL PRINCE BILL.

Lunalilo—"Prince Bill"—was a representative native, and, consequently, an inordinate favorite with all the other natives and brown patriots. The populace idolized him and swore by him devoutly. On all occasions of public interest, from a circus to a revolution, Prince Bill was called for by the commonality, and always came. By right of birth he occupied a seat in the House of Nobles, and from it he would address the chair so that the benches could well hear whatever he had to say. And generally he spoke straight to the point. On one occasion an English circus stopped at Honolulu on its route from Australia to the United States in order to give a few performances before the next steamer should come along. The tent was pitched, the Hawaiian flag was hoisted to the top, a kilded box was arranged for the king (then Kamehameha V) and his royal guests. Now the then reigning monarch was Lunalilo's pet aversion, for reasons well known at the time.

The evening of the performance came, the audience of expectant and enthusiastic kanakas assembled, the actors and riders were there in their tights and spangles, the clown and ringmaster were on hand, and the band was ready to strike up "Hail to the Chief," but the royal box was empty, the king did not arrive. It got to be 8:15, and the general impatience knew no limits. At this moment Prince Bill strolled in and assumed a private seat among the audience, which instantly rose to its feet to welcome an ever-popular favorite. Lunalilo quietly waved them back to their seats, which they at once assumed at his command. It grew to be 8:30, and the feeling of disappointment at the delay was at its utmost tension. At exactly 8:35 Prince Bill arose in his place, watch in hand, and, beckoning the ringmaster to him, said in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the tent:

"Mr. Ringmaster, at half-past eight, if the king is here, let the band play 'God Save the King' and go on with the performance." Then pausing a moment, with an imitatively humorous play of expression and a sparkle of his luminous eye, he added:

"And, Mr. Ringmaster, at half-past eight, if the king is not here, let the band play 'God — the King' and go on with the performance."

Before the instant appointed, however, King Kamehameha V entered with his party, the band played "God Save the King" amid wild shouts of laughter and applause, and the performance proceeded according to direction.

SOME TRAITS OF THE PRINCE.

The prince was accustomed to his little bibulous bouts at times with drinking and chosen cronies, and the day after these not infrequent festivities his pallid countenance and reddened eyes would treacherously betray the genial manner in which he had passed the previous evening. For some considerable period these generous libations had ceased, and during that abstemious interval the Rev. Dr. Damon happened to encounter Prince Bill one morning in the street, when they saluted and stopped to speak together. Said Father Damon, persuasively:

"I am happy to see, prince, that you are improved in your appearance. Perhaps you have even gone so far as to sign the pledge. Ah, the wine cup is a bad friend and a worse foe! I must compliment you upon your good resolutions, and will pray that they may result in your complete conversion and redemption."

"Father Damon," answered Lunalilo, his eyes lively twinkling with glee, "you are the friend of the pulpit. Sir, you are right. Now I am the friend of the bar. Let us two professional brothers step in here and take a drink," placing his arm in that of the worthy doctor and turning him toward an adjacent barroom. But we are told that that good gentleman declined the invitation.

Prince Lunalilo was the soul of honor and personal gallantry. When once interrupting the deliberations of the House of Peers in a somewhat indiscreet manner he was requested by the chairman to desist upon a penalty of being expelled or committed for disorder. The prince defiantly persisted, when the chair peremptorily ordered him to be silent or to leave the room. Prince Bill angrily departed, adjourned to the house restaurant, and imbibed solely to solace his wounded spirit. At the end of an hour he returned abjectly tipsy to the Chamber of Peers, in thick tones saying: "Gentlemen, I ask your pardon. Mr. Speaker, I ask yours. If you will allow me to resume my seat I give you my word of honor that I will not open my mouth again to speak or drink during the rest of the afternoon."

And he did not; but religiously kept his faith, sitting down silently in his place and presently falling soundly asleep, with not even a snore to interrupt any subsequent proceedings while chair and house alike would break spasmodically into an undignified grin at the entire absurdity of the situation. The "king of hearts" and the "friend of the people" was universally appreciated for the humor and humanity of his nature by peasant, peer and prince. He was a good fellow and witty gentleman, and this they all well knew.

HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL.

I care not to lay bare before the world any little island foibles. In the space of a brief visit I learned to love the pretty place and its pleasant people; but I am compelled in candor to admit that Prince Bill fell a victim to indiscretion and confirmed habits of too much stimulants. Before his coronation (and the consistent fellow refused to ride in a coach-and-six to that august ceremony, saying that the President of the United States went on foot to take the oath of office, and he would walk) Prince Bill had suffered himself to be restrained from vicious excesses by the affectionate expostulations of his attached friend, Emma Street; but after his enthronement he grew more arbitrary and would have a liberal pull at his bottle whenever he wanted. He rolled off the steps of his palace one rainy night, and ordering away the attendants who came to his assistance, slept in the wet grass until daylight. In consequence consumption set in and killed him. He cannot be regarded as a dreadful example of the fatal effects of intoxicating drink, but as a proof that it is injudicious to select a stormy night for so miscellaneous an open air debauch.

Poor Bill was borne to the reception-room of his island palace, there to lie in state. The remains rested on a royal robe of golden feathers a fathom square. Such cloaks are rare and almost price-

less now, the art of making them being lost, and the tiny black bird, of but two bright feathers, gone. Kanaka (wails) were uttered at a national wake, lasting throughout many hours until midnight, when the late king was placed in his casket, beside it standing his aged, heart-broken father, the high chief, Kanaina, his white head bowed in grief upon his withered breast.

It was a pain, solemn sight, that old man weeping over the cold face of a dead son, with all the sorrow and affection of his ardent island nature awakened. He directed that the yellow feather robe should be buried with the body. "He is the last of our race," he said, "it belongs to him."

The funeral guests turned pale at the command, for the feather cloak had come to Lunalilo from his mother, Kekaulohi, of the Kamehameha line, and had been worn in turn by all her royal ancestors. It was in native eyes a piece of ruthless vandalism, and only to be justified by rapt devotion to the best beloved.

Only one robe like this remains, that which is spread over the throne at the opening of parliament. That buried with Lunalilo could not be reproduced for a hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps, when the creator put those gentle creatures on their sea-bound strand, and left them for ages to their own instincts and devices, he did not intend them to be "civilized," or brought under modern Caucasian conditions. However this may be, the fact remains and stares us solemnly in the face, that within the last seventy-five years the number of the Sandwich Islanders has diminished from some 200,000 souls to but about 30,000 to 35,000. To her sister Hawaii, Columbia should say Aloha-nui!

Henry Clews Will Try It.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—The efforts of George H. Warren to induce twenty persons to subscribe \$50,000 each to buy the Metropolitan opera house at the foreclosure sale February 14 to restore it for the purpose of grand opera have proved a failure. Henry Clews will now attempt to secure thirty-four subscribers at \$30,000 each with the same object in view.

Gives Himself Up.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 7.—Master Workman James Hughes, convicted of extorting money from members of the Rochester clothing exchange, has given himself up at the penitentiary to begin serving his year's sentence. He had been out on bail and could not be found when the decision of the court was handed down.

Dropped Dead.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 7.—The Rev. Dr. John Hopkins Worcester, Jr., professor of systematic theology at Union Seminary, dropped dead here yesterday afternoon.

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Chicago Daily Tribune.

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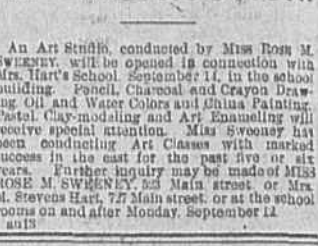
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